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# ABSYNTHÉ

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Trent's Alternative Press



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# MOROCCAN SAND

Dylan Curran



I stumbled through Morocco with the paper-thin straps of my bag wound around my wrist. I watched an overweight eight year old step over the leash they had to pin down a lopsided camel. The sand brushing over top my Chucks stank of piss, and my hair swam around in lumps in the wind. A geriatric woman from the Bronx was hoisted onto one of the camel's humps, and she slid towards its neck as the guide snapped a picture. TripPixs would be happy that he'd captured some diversity just in time for their next program release. I watched as a stream of shit trickled down the animal's leg, welling up in between its toes.

Audible above the tourists' camera shutters was the sound of whips beating against hides. I curled my fist inside my pocket. As if thrusting it deeper will help me forget my shame, as if the harsher my grip the less I could be blamed for my contributions – for my excitement, my

promotion of such heinous activities. My thumb worked on the euros weighing down the lining in my shorts. Grinding down the denomination on the coin wouldn't actually make a difference, but already I felt better for not participating.

I let the merchants try to tempt me with the promise of photo ops and personalized t-shirts.

I watched as grandmothers forked over wads of cash for a glass bottle of 'Moroccan sand'.

I'd walked into this – blinded by the same promises of deliverance and wanderlust. I left knowing that there is evil at work in all corners of the world. My mind reeled with the implications of my choices.

When people ask me about Morocco, I tell them about the handmade

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## Moroccan Sand

pottery, and colourful marketplaces. I never mention the camels. I don't tell them about the woman that slapped her son as we crossed the crowded street together. I won't let my father know about the time a man with one eye tried to coax me into his vacant shop to exchange my foreign currency. I can't talk about some of the places I've visited in this world. Some of them are only for me, and Morocco was one of those places. Crossing the Gibraltar Strait was one of the most terrifying experiences of my life, but I wouldn't dare trade it. The smell of sweet perfumes and hearty spices almost made up for the swarm of vendors that took my pictures. The Arabic alphabet littering the winding streets almost let me forget about the musician that stopped me in the restaurant to ask if I'd come alone.

I blink now and remember the artisans I'd met along the way to the traditional carpet manufacturer building.

I blink again and I remember the three-legged cat that followed me back to the bus.

I won't forget these memories; I am too proud to ever let them die. Too relieved that I didn't run into trouble. Too thankful for the middle aged Québécois couple that took me under their wing after noticing me walk through dodgy bits of the city alone.

"Vous-êtes touriste?"

Their accents brought me back to memories of elementary and high school. I guess growing up with French kids had its perks. Not usually, but now where the streets are marked by alphabets I know nothing about, the language from my younger years comes in handy – even if it leaves a sour taste in my mouth. Most of

the time I feel like I didn't learn either language properly – half of my life can't be translated into either. I'm in some sort of communication limbo.

The bus driver asks me for my passport. I fiddle with my bag for too long. I feel the zipper snap and in an attempt to salvage it, I tilted the bag up with more gusto than needed. The contents looked like they've been thrown up.

I felt queasy just looking at my half-melted Snickers bar still laying at the bottom.

I stopped to take pictures, framing buildings and monuments with backgrounds of shimmering dunes and brightly coloured storefronts. My camera roll looks like something from magazines. I am in awe every single time I look back at these memories, and yet they've been tainted too. Stepping outside of your comfort zone can be daunting. What's more – it should be absolutely terrifying. That's the point, right? You're meant to be trying out something completely different than what you're used to believing. These experiences are supposed to challenge your ideas about the world – about yourself. How else are you supposed to grow?

I waited on the docks while men and women whispered in Arabic around me. I felt their gaze, but it wasn't my place to notice. There were flickers of moments when I was tempted to turn around, run back, get lost in the streets and immerse myself with a culture that isn't mine – pretending that I can be apart of something that is so obviously not my own. I felt like an outsider there, but why should it feel any different than other times I've been away? Surely by now I've had my fair share of culture shock and faces of mixed

## Moroccan Sand

confusion. But somehow backpacking in Poland and Spain had a different feel.

A caravan of elderly tourists thanked their driver loudly as they descend the steps onto the platform. One by one their paraphilia was spat out from the vehicle and into a messy cluster of white and silver beams. I don't know if it is my place to help out – but more so, I'm feeling a bit pissed off. How dare they call so much attention to themselves. They've completely mistaken this place as their own. From the corner of my eye, I spy a woman in an obnoxious highlighter-pink visor spit her gum onto the street. She waddles away from the scene, her fanny pack is decorated in Disney charms and I have no doubt that those wallet-sized key-chain frames are filled with her grandchildren in all their toothless glory.

I feel a tug at my side and swivel on my heel only to smack into one of the twins from earlier. Their potbellies poke out from under their matching t-shirts. Their laughter is assaulting. I can hear their parents yelling for their attention, but the twins pay them no mind. They know full well that they are the ones in charge – while mum and dad saved them a spot in the back of the line, they had their run of the place. Another playground to add to their repertoire - best make the most of it while they still can.

I feel my cheeks burning (with rage? sunstroke?) as I stoop down to swat the children out of my way.

'I think Mum is calling you,' I say in my sing-song child speak. The chunkier of the two looks at me like I've got three eyes. The other is braver, more ballsy – I can feel it in the way she holds my gaze. She ignores my message entirely.

"Why didn't you ride the camel," her tone is serious, British. My actions have become a problem and she's here to reprimand me. If I wasn't just towering over her a minute ago, I might actually be shaken. Her sister peers between the other people in line and monitors their parents. Still there, she mumbles. Their nails are painted in alternating purple-blue-pink, I wondering if they each did their own. They don't seem the sharing type. "My daddy wanted a picture of the whole group. You're just sat in the corner," she whines, "like a loner."

I haven't a clue what to tell her.

As the ferry docked the twins were forced back in line. I took sick pride in watching them scramble back, only to get chastised by their parents. But this isn't what scares them as they step onto the ferry. They cling to the tread-bare straps of their family bag, and their shifting gaze from one stranger to the next is almost heartbreaking. They've decided to hold hands; I noticed hints of their mismatched nail polish amid the crowd. I wrap the straps of my own bag around my wrists, pull my headphones back over my ears and join the shuffle. I found my seat somewhere on the upper deck and watched us plunder through waves – the younger gentleman to my left offered to buy me a drink from the bar. It was midday, I feigned sincerity as I told him I wasn't thirsty. My passport gets returned to me on the other side. I walk through customs.

I'll always remember the way the water was teeming with life as we approached the coast of Portugal. I can still taste that first breath of fresh air as the promises for new adventure came to fruition.

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# WALKS IN NATURE

Keira Purdon

Part III: Mark S. Burnham Trail

## SUMMARY

**Cost:** Usually parking is \$12.00 per vehicle, but I went when the park was technically “closed.”

**Location:** 10-15 mins outside Peterborough on Highway 7.

**Naturality:** 2.5 out of 5

**Gear:** Nothing special is needed for this trail!

**Watch out for:** Highway traffic when turning into the parking lot.

Part III of this series brought me to Mark S. Burnham Park on Highway 7. I went early November, not realizing that parks formally close in the off season. It is

maintained by Ontario Parks. It was a harsh realization because the parking lot was gated. Thankfully Highway 7 has broad shoulders and while maybe not the wisest decision, I safely parked on the side of the highway.

The trail had a map at the start of the loop. There was a short route and a long route. Me being me, I chose the longer route. It was only about 1.5 kilometres and took less than a half hour to complete. For about half the walk I could hear the trucks and cars roaring down the highway, which really disturbed my walk.



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## Walks in Nature

There was little to worry about in terms of tripping or having to watch where I placed my feet. The trail was well-groomed and well maintained. I wouldn't say it was wheelchair accessible but the

Trans-Canada, especially those unfamiliar with the area, might find it a welcome and informational stop. I believe that is the park's main purpose, rather than serving Peterborough or surrounding locals.



short loop would be suitable for those who are not up to the somewhat steep incline on the longer loop.

Landscape and scenery wise, it was gorgeous! Of course, I am biased, being accustomed to a very different type of forest. Birch, poplar, ash, cedar, and elm decorated the air. Their newly fallen leaves crunched under my hiking boots. The road noise wasn't quite so loud as to overshadow the sounds of dry leaves underfoot.

Informational plaques and signs spotted the trail, giving information on the types of trees and other natural features. Those stopping through on the

That being said, it would be a decent spot for those with young kids or older members of the family. That is, if you go when the parking lot is open.

On the longer loop, the path ran down a decline. A beautiful expanse of young trees was laid out before me. Honestly it was quite a sight. While the trail was hard to decipher because of the openness, helpful plaques with arrows pointed me in the right direction.

We encountered quite a few people, which was expected since the side of Highway 7 was lined with quite a few cars by the entrance to the park. They were mostly families, and a few dogs! But there



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## Walks in Nature

were a few student-aged couples. We also saw a photographer taking pictures near a teepee-like structure.

Speaking of the teepee structure, it was vaguely reminiscent of the impressive shelter I encountered in Part II: Robert-Johnston Eco Trails. I can't help but wonder if there is someone venturing around trails and making these structures. I just hope they are using branches from the ground and not off live trees. Also, bear in mind teepees are the traditional residences for some Indigenous peoples in the Kawartha area and there may be cultural traditions associated with them. Perhaps parks and eco trails are not the place to practice survival shelter building or replicating teepees, but I appreciate the effort and attempt.

Beyond the teepee, the trails were clean of garbage and debris. There were places for garbage cans a picnic tables by the parking lot. Presumably a trail-goer would find these in place in the on-season, which is May through October.

If I'm being honest, it's unlikely I'll be going back to Mark S. Burnham Park, even when it's officially open. The danger in parking on the side of a highway like the Trans-Canada and the highway noise makes it less appealing compared to locals like the Warsaw Caves and the Robert-Johnston Eco Trails. Mark S. Burnham Park does not fulfill my quest to find a long, rather remote nature area to escape the expanses of city, suburbs, and farmland.

Next time I go out, I'll try a conservation area. For those wanting year-round trails to hike, snowshoe, and more, conservation areas never close. They are also less

maintained than parks so use them at your own risk.

For those without vehicle access looking for parks to go to, I suggest Nicholls Oval Park by Parkhill and Water. Although the traffic is a little disrupting, it does refresh the mind and soul. As a plus, there are some tall, old maples and oaks that are absolutely stunning anytime of year!

My quest continues, and I hope you will continue to follow my journey throughout nature areas in Peterborough. Happy trails!



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# GREEN RUNS THROUGH IT

Melchior Dudley

## SETTING

A small, dimly lit room on the top floor of an apartment building.

## MITCHELL

Twenty seven, a permanent scowl on his grungy face. Wears an old, dirty jean jacket, black pants, and tattered leather boots. Working hands.

## TREVOR

Thirty, yellowed white t-shirt, yellowed jeans, grimy tennis shoes.

## GRAHAM

Twenty one, wears a dress shirt underneath a cardigan, dress pants, and tennis shoes. Receding hairline. Looks worn, and is slow to react.

## ACT 1

*MITCHELL and TREVOR are playing cards. A black gun sits on the table between them.*

**MITCHELL** (*Exasperated*): Trev... Fine. I'll do it, if you want.

**TREVOR**: No, Mitchell, that's not right.

**MITCHELL**: Why?

*Pause.*

**TREVOR**: If we do it, then we both gotta do it. That's the only way... It's only right.

**MITCHELL**: Yeah.

*Pause.*

**MITCHELL**: Soooo...

**TREVOR**: It's the, uh...you know, the honourable way to do it. You don't have someone else kill your brother. You do it yourself. That's how I would want it, if someone were to kill me... I would want them to at least do it themselves. It's honourable that way.

**MITCHELL**: Yeah. You think so? (*Thoughtfully*) I guess we never really thought about someone else doing it...

*Silence.*

Green Runs Through It

**MITCHELL:** Okay....so how--

**TREVOR:** You think that's good?

**MITCHELL:** Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah it's good.

*Pause.*

**MITCHELL:** So....?

**TREVOR:** When's he gonna be here?

**MITCHELL:** Uh....well--  
They both look at the broken wall clock.

**MITCHELL:** --I don't know. Soon. It must be at least two in the morning.

*TREVOR stands up to look out the window. He sits back down.*

**TREVOR:** The light's starting to come up. It must be later. Probably three or four.

**MITCHELL** (*With finality*): Who knows.

*Pause.*

**MITCHELL:** So, I was thinking--

**TREVOR:** We should wait until after his birthday.

**MITCHELL:** Huh. Well, yeah. But the sooner the better, right?

**TREVOR:** I just think it would be better, karmically, if we do it after his birthday. It's soon, I think. You know, growing up, his birthdays were always... garbage. Like, I think, in his life, he should have one good one. Last year he worked on his birthday. That woulda sucked.

**MITCHELL:** Yeah, literally.

**TREVOR:** I just think it's more favourable... seeing as he did take care of us the last few years before... before he got rich... I couldn't have done what he did to take care of us. I would have rather died.

**MITCHELL:** Oh, c'mon. Don't give me that. You know how he was... Is. After all he's put us through... he deserves what's coming.

**TREVOR** (*Pained*): He's younger than us. I don't know if he deserves it, you know? I think, if anything, we might deserve it more.

**MITCHELL:** It's not our fault he didn't have any skills! Remember that before things went sour, we told him to work and he wouldn't. Always, just sitting on his ass, while we worked day and night--

**TREVOR:** That's an exaggeration.

**MITCHELL:** No, it's not! When things went bad and none of us could get a job, he chose to do it. He did it willingly.

**TREVOR:** To save us! We all would've died.

**MITCHELL:** He did it to save himself!

**TREVOR:** Still. Let him have his birthday. It's in a month or so. We can ask.

**MITCHELL:** A month!

**TREVOR:** Sometimes, if you do good things like this -- like let your little brother have one good birthday -- the universe makes it up to you somehow, in a little way.

**MITCHELL** (*Escalating frustration*): You're such a... Look! We're living like beggars, rent overdue and no money for food, and

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## Green Runs Through It

he's living like a king! How are we going to wait another month? We need the money now! I could just...

*He shoves a handful of playing cards into his mouth and screams. TREVOR sighs.*

**TREVOR:** He doesn't really live like a king. He's still got a job, selling insurance... and he got us this place... *(Mumbling)* You were the one who spent the money he gave. He told us it was a test.

**MITCHELL:** If you really believe that -- if you truly believe that -- then why do you wanna kill him, you hypocrite!

*TREVOR frowns.*

**TREVOR:** It's... I don't know... utilitarianism.

*Pause.*

**TREVOR:** I think you're right about us needing the money. And who knows if or when he'll give any to us... we kind of blew our chance, and he told us there wouldn't be second chances. I don't want to kill him, but I think the universe will see my decision as rational and needed, and I won't be punished. It's us, or him. He did what he did to survive. Now we're doing the same. At least I am. I don't know your reasons.

**MITCHELL:** You're a lunatic, you know that?

**TREVOR:** No, I'm not. Why do you wanna kill him?

**MITCHELL:** Because I should have killed him way back when he spent the last of our money: stealing it and putting it on that fucking horse -- that terrible, awesome horse -- that didn't have a fucking

single chance of winning. He got soooooo lucky... we would all be dead if that horse lost, you know that? I think sometimes you forget. He almost killed us all -- we were all going off that bridge, remember? -- because of what? A bet? A fuckin' gambling addiction? He thinks he can just leave us and his past behind and get a 'real' job. Jesus...

*Pause. MITCHELL and TREVOR both sigh at the same time. TREVOR looks at the broken clock.*

**MITCHELL:** No. I should have killed Graham even before that.

**TREVOR:** Why?

**MITCHELL:** For being the spawn of Satan. The kid of the man who ruined our family.

**TREVOR:** That's not Graham's fault. I know you're bitter about that as always, but how is that his fault? He didn't do anything.

**MITCHELL:** I don't care. It's on principle. His father took advantage of our mom. And he knew she was married to Dad! He even knew Dad! Who would do that?... Only the worst of the worst people. *(Dramatic)* Graham isn't our brother. He's the son of the devil.

**TREVOR:** Oh, c'mon, Mitchell, don't be so dramatic. Mom had a part in that, too. He didn't really take advantage of her. And he's still our brother.

**MITCHELL:** Half-brother. Barely. And the spawn of Satan.

**TREVOR:** No.

*Pause.*

Green Runs Through It

**TREVOR:** I can't kill him. I'm not going to.

**MITCHELL:** What? You just said!--

**TREVOR:** It's not the kind of person I am. I just can't.

**MITCHELL:** Why?

**TREVOR:** I don't wanna have that on my conscience the rest of my life. Killing my own brother? For money? That's just really, really wrong. I wish he came sooner. Now I've thought about it too much. I can't do it.

**MITCHELL:** You can hardly call him your brother. He's your half-brother, and he would do the same to you. He's leaving you to die right now! What kind of man would let his brothers starve to death, while he lives a life of luxury?

**TREVOR:** It's his money...

**MITCHELL:** He stole it from us!

**TREVOR:** And got us this place, and two months' food!

**MITCHELL:** Well, we had a deal, Trevor! Remember! We split all the money, all the earnings... why!

*MITCHELL starts to cry.*

**TREVOR (Gently):** We didn't split it evenly with him when we made the money and he didn't.

**MITCHELL (Hysterical):** That's 'cuz he was younger! I can't die like this... in this room?... Ah, fuck, man.

**TREVOR:** Well, what are we gonna do?

*MITCHELL dries his tears.*

**MITCHELL (With resolve, sniffing):** I'm gonna kill him.

**TREVOR:** What?

*A knock at the door. MITCHELL grabs the gun off the table and composes himself. TREVOR looks around the room then answers the door. GRAHAM stands in the doorway and looks in, hesitant.*

**CHECK OUR NEXT ISSUE TO FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!**

**COMING JANUARY 2019.**

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# STILL BLUE

Tyler Majer

Nothing stops a murder. Not even Kris Kringle. Of course he never came that night, Ol' Santy Claus that is. You'd think a person's ability to kill would be stifled by the hanging mistletoe, and the glistening lights. Maybe it egged her on.

It all started with a simple statement.

"We've gotta talk about the kids," he said, as he fumbled for a lighter. The cigarette smoke hanging in the air like those snowflakes that melt before they hit the ground.

"What about them?" she answered back. A cold stare cut across the room.

"You're ruining them." Ice shattered.

Their favourite Christmas song was Clarence Carter's *Backdoor Santa*. They'd laughed about it, kissing as he sang, 'I make all the little girls happy.' She was a woman now.

Of course, they never made love anymore, and when they did, he referred to it as  *fucking* . "Let's  *fuck* ," he'd say, then she'd let it happen. She didn't like the vulgarity, but they were married. She was more nuanced. She understood imagery, and subtlety. He used to understand. He used to be subtle. Now, she wondered.



"The kids are fine," she replied, ice cubes clinking in her glass. Eggnog poured over ice. Rum splashed on top.

"That's exactly it," he replied, "They're only  *fine* . We're raising mediocre little shits." He wanted them to be exceptional. She only wanted them to be happy. The glare from the tinsel hit their eyes. He could only think about the cat, how it would eat the goddamn stuff, and then shit it out.

The kids had gone to grandma's, like every Christmas Eve. They used to drink until the early morning, inebriated and nauseous from Kahlua and Rum, Whiskey and Eggnog. They used to joke about being lactose intolerant, but would drink anyways, stomachs bubbling over too much dairy. They'd attempt to have sex. Their toes touching the wrapping paper and ribbons near the end of the bed. Both of them almost falling asleep. Neither of them caring.

## Still Blue

The  *fucking* came later.

This year, they decided to opt out of the turkey dinner, and decided just to have cold-cut sandwiches instead. She had bought sliced Turkey Breast in jest. He moved it to the bottom shelf looking for the Mustard. Not a word was said between them.

When the kids were little, they'd wrap all the presents before hand, and hide them at Grandma's. They'd arrive early, heads pounding, and wait for the kids to wake up. The kids would ask, "How did Santa know we were here?"

"He knows everything, honey". They'd kiss, The Santa Claus farce kept alive for another year.

The kids were older now. They knew the truth. They only really wanted money these days, so there was no sneaking around. No wrapping paper at the edge of the bed, just dollar-store cards portraying the words, "Merry Christmas!" Christmas plans changed. Now they'd go to Grandma's, and be dropped off in the morning. They'd sit around, waiting for the envelopes to be handed over. They'd disappear to their rooms. Music coming from one, sounds of death coming from the other. They'd address the cards as from Santa Claus, but everybody knew. One was from mom, the other from dad, yet the truth never fully spoken.

The argument continued.

"You're a bitch".

"You're an asshole".

"Fuck you".

"Fuck your mother".

It resembled that Pogues song, *The Fairy of New York*.

It was only 9:30, when the argument started. It was all over by 10:15.

Shards of glass floated through a pool of blood, across the living room's linoleum floor. Inches away the snow globe's liquid stopped travelling forward, implicated. The blood soon met it.

She picked up the phone, put it to her ear, then dropped it back on its holder. This process happened 4 or 5 times before the phone was flung across the room. The hollow bang, and rattle made her clutch at her ears, the lobes turning red under heat and duress. Her eyes: still blue.

Luckily, the kids weren't home. If they were, however, maybe this wouldn't have happened. Not that any of it really mattered. Their dad would always be dead, and Christmas would always be ruined. She attempted to lift herself off the couch, but slid to the floor, the phone close, but out of reach.

The kids were late getting home the next morning. The scene displayed for their tired, greedy eyes: their mother, curled in a ball, their father sprawled and crimson. The table had two cards on it. They read: "Merry Christmas! Love Mom & Dad". The farce officially over.

As the police entered the room, their guns weren't drawn. They approached her. She sat now, clutching a miniature figurine from within the broken snow globe. It was of a young couple dancing. Their eyes: still blue.



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# UNTOUCHABLE

Mirza Ushra



## Untouchable

I don't know when it began  
I was always so insecure  
The funny girl on the side  
To satisfy all of your

Your little desires and wants  
To entertain your little  
needs  
I was always the snack on  
side, never the main meal  
Girls like me are a good  
time, who cares how we  
feel?

I was never good enough  
for even a label  
See I wasn't the one to  
introduce to mom  
How can I blame you out of  
the others, when  
No man ever thought I was  
worth a love song

So I spread my legs  
Allowing your fingertips  
To touch parts of me  
I'd kept reserved for only my  
lover's lips

But many had come  
And they all have left  
Bruised knees, hickeys on  
my neck  
Why did I allow this  
shameless theft?

I think my legs still stretch  
Though my heart is tired  
Since high school, my wrists  
healed  
But I still don't feel desired

My hair's falling out  
My soul is weak  
These strangers they touch  
my body once  
But leave my heart sick

Why am I only your 11pm  
phone call?  
Why am I so approachable

at the bar?  
If my body is a road trip  
Why do none of you  
motherfuckers have a car?

I open my mouth and my  
home  
To men with sugar stained  
lies  
Hoping their touch will  
make me whole  
And not end in depressing  
goodbyes

Sometimes I think to myself  
This needs to stop  
But everytime that phone  
beeps

I open myself up, like an  
overcrowded thrift shop

So I cry when it's two in the  
afternoon  
It's windy outside and  
you're somewhere else  
What happened to all those  
"see you soon's?"

I've held hands with  
strangers  
Kissed lips unknown

My fingertips, they bleed  
I'm decaying slowly; to my  
bones

This chest worth 200  
instagram likes  
These legs worth 1 whiskey  
sour at the bar

Don't run your hands  
through my hair  
Don't tickle the back of my  
neck  
Don't kiss the bridge of my  
nose  
Just for a one night stand's  
sake

So many had come  
None have stayed  
I smiled and sucked and  
cried and begged  
Hoping one of those many  
would validate

Validate these insecurities  
Validate these scarred  
wrists, these thick hips  
And maybe even stay the  
night

Because at 22, most nights I  
still silently cry

Opening up these weak  
legs

This body bleeds and breaks  
Time and time again  
For cowards that think they  
look like Drake

I wish I was sweeter  
And my tongue more shy  
I wish my ass was thicker  
And my soul less dry

I wish I didn't overthink so  
much  
And subject this temple of  
mine  
To so much criticism  
I wish instead I'd made it a  
shrine

I wish I loved myself enough  
And was content with  
solitude

I wish I loved myself enough  
To not live my life as just a  
substitute.

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# INdeCISION

Warren Oliver  
Part III



**EMMA**  
Ten year old girl.

**PETER**  
Late thirties.

**KELLY**  
Late thirties.

**DOCTOR ITO**  
Early forties.

**DOCTOR KERN**  
Mid fifties.

**NEWS ANCHOR**  
Late forties.

**DIANA**  
Early forties.

**NATALIE**  
Late twenties.

## 1. INTERIOR: EMMA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

*PETER, KELLY, and EMMA are in the room. Not much has changed within the room, the only exception being there is now a T.V present. PETER and KELLY sit in chairs facing the T.V. EMMA sits in her bed, playing with a flip phone.*

**EMMA:** Do you have any more games on this thing?

**PETER:** Huh?

**EMMA:** I said, do you have any more games on this thing?

INDeCISION

**PETER:** Oh. No. Sorry, dear.

**EMMA:** What are you guys watching?

**KELLY:** The news.

**EMMA:** What's happened?

**KELLY:** Nothing yet. Someone is going to come on and say a few things.

**EMMA:** About me? Are they gonna mention me?

**PETER:** I don't know.

**EMMA:** I hope they get my name right.

**PETER:** Hmm.

**EMMA:** Is it about my blood?

**PETER:** If they mention you, I'm sure it'll turn into that.

**KELLY:** Emma, why aren't you reading the book I got you?

**EMMA:** I finished that one.

**KELLY:** Tell me about it.

**EMMA:** Kinda boring until they got to the good part.

**KELLY:** Which was?

**EMMA:** They stormed the castle. The whole village did, and they took back their stolen gold. Then everyone was happy in the end.

**KELLY:** I see.

**PETER:** I think it's starting.

**EMMA:** There was a part with a brave knight and a village girl, and they both fell

in love. But they both ended up dead. That was sad.

**PETER:** Emma, quiet down for a bit, please.

**EMMA:** Alright.

*The news comes on. It is hosted by one NEWS ANCHOR and acts as an intro to the press conference.*

**NEWS ANCHOR:** In just a few short minutes, we will be going live to the House of Commons where the Minister of Health, Francis Denvo, has several announcements regarding the recent health scare that is happening in Canada, and the rest of the world. Just what the Minister has to say is uncertain, but many speculate it will include the rising cost of pharmaceuticals, the rampancy of--

**PETER:** Just mute it.

*KELLY uses the remote to mute the television.*

**EMMA:** Why mute it?

**KELLY:** It's boring stuff.

**EMMA:** That's not fair.

**PETER:** What isn't?

**EMMA:** I had to read the boring part of my book. You should have to watch the boring part of your show.

**KELLY:** You can't mute the words in a book.

**EMMA:** You can't skip the news on T.V.

**PETER:** You're full of answers today.

INDeCISION

**EMMA:** Can I go walk around, or something?

**KELLY:** The doctors said not to.

**EMMA:** What is there to do then?

**PETER:** Push-up contest?

**EMMA:** You'd win.

**PETER:** Maybe. But I've been cooped up here as long as you have. It'd be good for me too.

**EMMA:** Okay, you're on.

*Both PETER and EMMA get into a push-up position.*

**PETER:** Ready?

**EMMA:** Wait. I don't think—

**PETER:** One, two, three, go!

*PETER starts off quickly.*

**EMMA:** EIIII!

*EMMA joins him. After several push-ups, PETER begins to lose his breath. After struggling through the last few, PETER collapses. EMMA continues on for a few more. KELLY keeps count.*

**PETER:** I gotta stop smoking.

**EMMA:** You don't smoke cigarettes, though.

**PETER:** Right. That I do not.

*PETER winks at KELLY. KELLY smiles.*

**EMMA:** How'd you lose, dad?

**PETER:** You're just stronger than me, I guess.

**EMMA:** Mom, how many can you do?

**KELLY** takes time to think about her answer.

**KELLY:** Less than you, but certainly more than your dad.

**PETER:** What!?

**KELLY:** I think it's starting.

*Both PETER and EMMA stand up. PETER sits back down in his chair, but EMMA remains standing.*

**EMMA:** I'm energized. What else can we do?

**PETER:** Your mother and I are gonna watch this.

**EMMA:** Can't you just save it like you do at home? We can do something else instead.

**PETER:** *(Pointing at the T.V)* Not with this thing. Plus, it's important we watch it now.

**EMMA:** Alright. I'm gonna use the washroom.

**KELLY:** Okay, dear.

*EMMA walks to the washroom door. She turns around to see if PETER or KELLY are paying attention to her. They are not. EMMA closes the door to the bathroom, then sneaks past her parents. EMMA exits the room and goes into the hallway.*

## 2. INTERIOR: HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

*EMMA walks through the corridor. EMMA is approached by DIANA, a nurse who is on shift.*

**DIANA:** Hi.

**EMMA:** Hi.

**DIANA:** Are you supposed to be out here?

**EMMA:** No, but—

**DIANA:** Where's your room. Don't tell me it's quarantined.

**EMMA:** No.

**DIANA:** Thank God. What's your name?

**EMMA:** Emma Lameur.

**DIANA:** Well, Emma, my name is Diana. If you're not supposed to be out here, where are you supposed to be?

**EMMA:** The room at the end of the hall.

**DIANA:** That room? Why that room?

**EMMA:** I don't know. The doctors just told us to stay there.

**DIANA:** Who changes the sheets?

**EMMA:** The doctors do when they come and check up on me. Although, sometimes my mom does it too.

**DIANA:** Your mom? She's here?

**EMMA:** Yeah. So is my dad.

**DIANA:** They're with you in the room at the end of the hall?

**EMMA:** Yeah, we've been there for a while now.

**DIANA:** Okay, let's get you back there then.

*DIANA takes EMMA's hand and holds it. EMMA does not hold onto DIANA's hand. They begin to walk back towards EMMA's room. Eventually, DIANA lets EMMA's hand slip away.*

**EMMA:** Do you work in quarantine?

**DIANA:** No. I'm hoping to keep it that way.

**EMMA:** Oh. I met a boy in there. I wonder how he is.

**DIANA:** Wait.

*DIANA stops walking.*

**DIANA:** You were in there?

**EMMA:** Yeah. I met a boy, but I forget his name.

**DIANA:** Emma, how long ago were in quarantine?

**EMMA:** A few days ago.

**DIANA:** Are you sick? Do you feel weak, or barfy?

**EMMA:** No. I haven't been sick since last July.

**DIANA:** You're telling me the truth?

**EMMA:** Why wouldn't I be?

**DIANA:** Why are you not in quarantine now?

## INDeCISION

**EMMA:** I don't know. The doctors said I have special blood that makes me safe from the sickness.

**DIANA:** The doctors told you this?

**EMMA:** Yeah.

**DIANA:** Special blood?

**EMMA:** Yep.

*ITO enters the corridor. He notices EMMA and immediately rushes over.*

**ITO:** Oh, God.

**DIANA:** Elliot, what's this about?

**ITO:** Emma, go back to your room. I'll be there in a second.

**EMMA:** Okay.

*EMMA leaves. DIANA stares at ITO.*

**DIANA:** Elliot...

**ITO:** Did you touch her?

**DIANA:** I, uhh, I held her hand.

**ITO:** Wash your hands. Get yourself tested. I'm sure it's fine.

*ITO catches up with EMMA.*

### 3. INTERIOR: EMMA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

*ITO rushes in, with EMMA behind him. ITO slams the door shut, startling PETER and KELLY.*

**ITO:** What was she doing outside this room?

**PETER:** She was outside?

**ITO:** Well, I didn't find her watching T.V with you.

**PETER:** She was in the washroom. Weren't you?

**EMMA:** I snuck out.

**KELLY:** Why?

**EMMA:** Cause I-

**ITO:** It doesn't matter.

**PETER:** Did anyone see her?

**EMMA:** I talked to a nurse. She tried to

take me back here, but Doctor Ito took me instead. I didn't mean to make you mad.

**ITO:** Emma, you cannot, under any circumstances, leave this room.

**EMMA:** But-

**PETER:** Emma.

**ITO:** And you two cannot let her out of your sight. It is crucial this does not happen again.

**PETER:** We were so focused on the press conference.

**ITO:** I don't particularly care.

**KELLY:** It won't happen again.

**ITO:** Good.

**PETER:** Doctor Ito, did anyone see her?

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## INDeCISION

**ITO:** A nurse did. They made contact.

**ITO:** Peter, I don't know. I'll figure it, okay?  
Keep a better eye on her.

**PETER:** What does that mean?

*ITO leaves.*

### 4. INTERIOR: HOSPITAL FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

*ITO approaches the registration desk. He notices a nurse and motions for her to approach him.*

**NATALIE:** She went home. Said she wasn't feeling very well.

**ITO:** Natalie, have you seen Diana anywhere?

**ITO:** She went home?

**NATALIE:** Don't worry, we got Francine to cover her shift. Are you alright, Elliot?

### 5. INTERIOR: DR. KERN'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

*PETER and KELLY enter KERN's office. KERN is already sitting down. ITO is standing by the window.*

**KERN:** Amazing. (To PETER) Did you come to same conclusion?

**KERN:** Welcome. Have a seat.

*PETER does not answer.*

*PETER and KELLY both sit down in the two chairs facing KERN's desk.*

**ITO:** Louis.

**PETER:** What's this about? The press conference went fine.

**KERN:** Elliot, it's my turn. What amazes me more is how a human being so unique, and so significant, came from the combination of genes that you two incompetent morons possess. How? How did this happen?

**KERN:** Did it now?

**PETER:** The nurse, did she tell anyone?

**PETER:** Did you not watch it?

**KERN:** No. I was busy dealing with other things.

**KERN:** Peter, what do you do?

**KELLY:** Is this about what happened a few days ago?

**PETER:** In regards to what?

**KERN:** In regards to a living?

*KERN smiles.*

**PETER:** I'm a librarian.

**KERN:** And Kelly, what do you do?

---

## INDeCISION

**KELLY:** None of you fucking business.

**KERN:** Of course not. Well, I'd figured a librarian would have a hard time keeping up with the times.

**PETER:** Okay. Okay, did both of you really think this wasn't going to be exposed? Like, the more I think about it, the more I realize it was only a matter of time before a nurse got suspicious, or the minister decided it was the right time to tell everyone. Which she didn't this time, thank God. But I doubt she was going to just keep it to herself.

**KERN:** Perhaps. Perhaps not. But that would have been beyond anyone's control. Anyone here at least. The thing is, you two let Emma get out. You two let Emma be discovered by a nurse. A fine employee of this establishment. A great staff member, who I am proud to say I am responsible for. And now, this nurse may potentially be infected with an illness that your daughter refuses to help cure. Diana is a mother of three beautiful children, who also may potentially be infected now. These children go to school, play sports, have regular social lives... you see where I'm going with this? You fucked up, and because YOU fucked up, I can personally hold you responsible.

**ITO:** A security team is going to be issued to your room. They will be watching you, every day and every hour.

**KELLY:** Security team? Jesus Christ, we'll just keep a better eye on her.

**ITO:** It's not to keep you three in. It's for your protection.

**KELLY:** We haven't heard anything about Emma on the news. Do we really need guards?

**KERN:** Give it time, 'cause I'm sure you will.

**PETER:** This nurse, she must have only told a few people, right?

**ITO:** Peter, it's more than a few.

*KERN hands KELLY his smartphone.*

**KERN:** You may want to look at that. Your daughter is trending.

### END OF PART III



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# CABARET OF LIGHT

Zachary Barmania

*Through the cold and dark and white and black, find it.  
Past every hissing voice and spitting sky, search on.  
Leave your shelter; the sky won't fall all at once,  
instead it comes in flakes.*

*Every winter feels like my first; every summer feels like my last.  
Suck back the poison mushroom. Pain is made for the feeling.  
Go up George and down Water,  
maybe someday there'll be a place to sit and rest.*

*I left my heart downtown; thank the lord for pacemakers.  
I saw the dancing silhouettes coming off the shore;  
a cabaret of light.  
Seasonal Affective Disorder, or maybe I'm just cold.*

*So chase the green fairy, or the dragon's tail.  
Climb up the Humber theatre and sit on the billboard.  
Make music only you like; sing in the shower without the water on.  
I wish you love and luck, and the light to guide you down the path.*



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# WARREN'S WE-VIEW:



## Warren Oliver

The movie that Noah and I chose to watch is *Sorry to Bother You*. You are probably think, “Yes. I know what the movie is. I read the title.” Well, I am apologetic for wasting your time. Noah on the other would probably say something along the lines of, “Who gives a fuck what the title is? I know for a fact they say, ‘*Star Wars Episode Two: Attack of the Clones*’ in *Star Wars Episode Two: Attack of the Clones*.” We’ll leave it at that. The reason we chose this film was for no reason at all. Now, let’s jump into things.

This film stars Lakeith Stanfield (*Short Term 12*, *Get Out*, and “That one movie where the whiney little kid from that Nickelodeon show finds a book that can kill people but he still finds a way to be whiney about it.”) and Tessa Thompson (*Thor: Ragnarok*, *Annihilation*, and “That one movie where an old, drunk boxer can’t find the words to tell a young wanna-be boxer to go away.”) as a loving couple struggling financially. Thompson’s character is a devoted artist, while Stanfield plays her slacker boyfriend. Running in debt, and out of options, Stanfield takes a job as a telemarketer and climbs his way through the ranks by becoming the top seller in the branch. How? By using his white voice. Noah, unaware of his own skin

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## Warren's We View: Sorry To Bother You

color (which I cannot tell if it is a good thing or bad thing) was simultaneously proud, and disappointed in our protagonist. "Yeet! My boy making the dollar. But he's forgetting where he came from, using the voice like that."

An incredible piece of satire, the writer/director, Boots Riley, juggles several ideas such as the idea of modern day slavery, the utility/futility of protesting, social media, and self-integrity. With all of these in mind, the movie is still able to remain absolutely captivating and funny.

This is the first movie in a while that had actually caught me off guard in regards to the actual plot. No spoilers, but I have never seen, nor ever expected to see, anything that happens in this movie.

The creativity also deserves to be mentioned. Riley fills every shot and scene with so much energy, it's almost impossible not to forget this film is extremely dark. There is such a juxtaposition between the vibrant glee shown throughout the film and the bleak perspective it puts on the subject.

One thing that has always made me hesitant about satirical films is that they lose the heart. The emphasis of the film then becomes focused on the point the filmmaker is trying to make, and only on the point. This creates a problem in which the characters of the film feel one dimensional, or uninteresting, making the piece of work cold, and the audience feel disconnected. But Riley makes us care about Stanfield's character, Cassius. When Cassius does well in his career, I felt happy. When he becomes humiliated by his boss, I felt that humiliation. Noah felt these same emotions as well, cheering, "Fuck yeah! That's my main man making money! Ha ha!" This works in favor of the satire as well, as it elevates what the film is trying to say. To me, this is because we care about how the filmmaker's satire affects the protagonist, and subsequently our own lives.

I would highly recommend this film. It is one of the best I have seen in a while.

Noah's rating: 9.6 horse dicks out of 9.8.



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# ARTWORK

Chloe Darling | Mixed Media | November 2018



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# ARTWORK

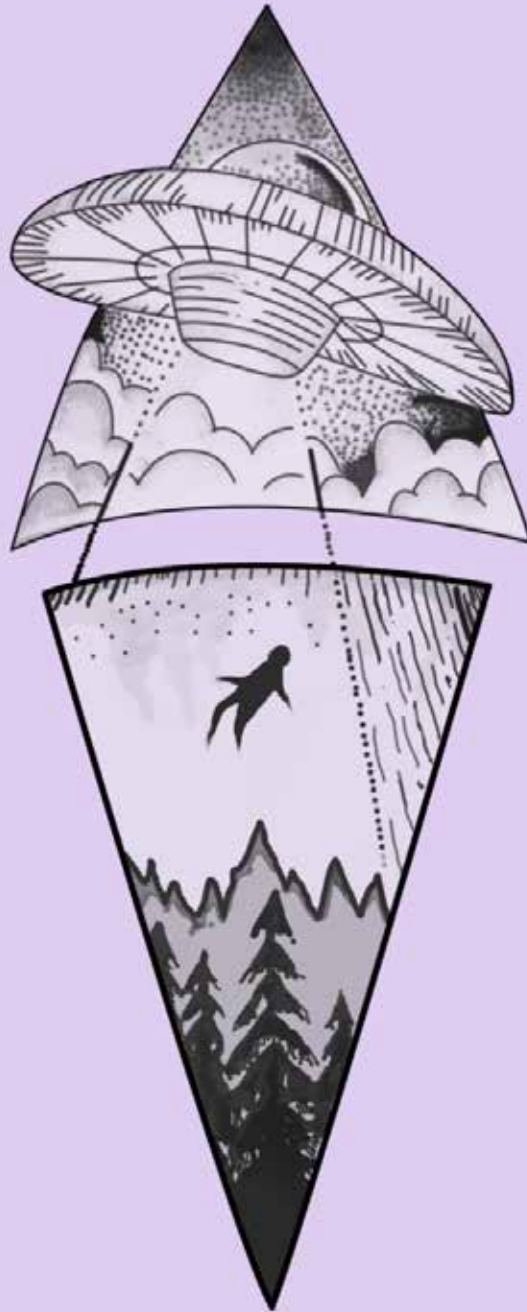
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# ARTWORK

Said Jiddawy | Ink on Paper | November 2018



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# OUR TEAM

TYLER HOLT  
DIRECTOR

EVAN NELSON  
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

MELCHIOR DUDLEY  
WRITER

TYLER MAJER  
WRITER

ZACHARY  
BARMANIA  
WRITER

WARREN OLIVER  
WRITER

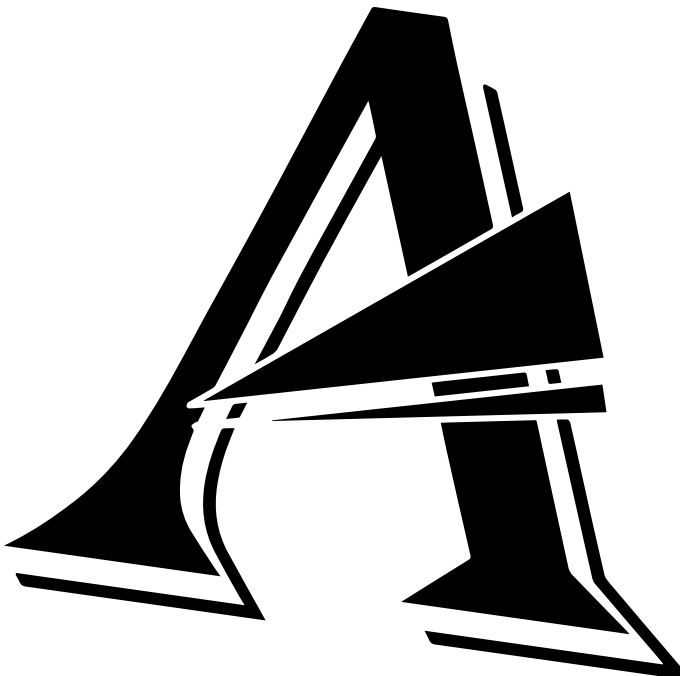
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MIRZA USHRA  
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DYLAN CURRAN  
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CHLOE DARLING  
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GRAPHIC DESIGNER



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/ SAID JIDDAWY  
WARREN'S WE VIEW / SORRYTOBOTHERYOU.  
MOVIE

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